

**TERROR**



NO. 44  
NOV.

# TALES



10¢

FROM THE

# CRYPTID

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



# PROOF... OF 8 BRANDS TESTED, PANIC IS BEST IMITATION OF MAD

YES, EXTENSIVE TESTS BY THE E.C. RESEARCH BUREAU HAVE PROVEN CONCLUSIVELY THAT PANIC LEADS EIGHT OTHER BRANDS IN IMITATING MAD! PANIC USES MORE OF MAD'S ARTISTS, MORE OF MAD'S PRINTERS, MORE OF MAD'S POTZIEBE AND FURSHLUGGINER THAN ANY OTHER MAD IMITATION!



SO CLIP THIS COUPON AND SEND AWAY FOR YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO ...  
HOWEVER, IF YOU WANT THE REAL MCCOY, SUBSCRIBE TO ...

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MAD

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SLIDE INTO THE SLOPPY SLIMY CRYPT OF TERROR, FRENCH-FANS. THIS IS YOUR CREEPY CARETAKER OF COLD CORPSES, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, ALL READY TO START THE BRAUL, ROLLING WITH A WHALE OF A TALE OF TERROR... A BIT OF BILGE BOGS UP FROM AMONG A BILE OF OLD MANUSCRIPTS THAT WERE CLUTTERING UP A CLANKY CORNER OF MY CASKIN-CAVERN. YOU'LL BETCH AT THE WRETCHED GAG PLAYED BY CAPTAIN MATT STARKE... A SLOINK OF A SEAMAN WHO IS WAITING IN EILEEN HARPER'S MODEST APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE SAN DIEGO DOCKS RIGHT NOW TO BEGIN THIS OSGOROUS DRUS I CALL.

## FOREVER AMBERGRIS



YEAH! STARKE'S THE MINE. CAPTAIN MATT STARKE, SKIPPER OF THE FREIGHTER SOULFAAR. I'M ASHORE NOW... HAPPY T' BE TAKIN' MY BAZE ON THIS PLUSH SOFA... JUSUS IN THIS NEAT LITTLE HARBOR-APARTMENT... BLOWIN' BILLOWS OF COOL BLUE SMOKE FROM THIS HAVANA FIFTY-CENTER... AN' DREAMIN' OF HOW I'LL SOON BE MASTER OF THE TRIMMEST LITTLE GAL IN THIS OR ANY PORT. I'M HAPPY 'CAUSE I LOVE EILEEN ENOUGH TO HAVE MARRIED A MAN T' GET NEAR AND NOW...

SHE'S MINE...



YEAH! THAT'S RIGHT! I MURDERED... AND THERE IS *NOTHIN'* ANYONE CAN DO ABOUT IT. NOW, I'VE GOT THE MONEY, I'M RICH, AN' I'M WAITIN' FOR *EILEEN* TO COME OUT OF HER ROOM SO'S I'LL HAVE A *VERVINEY!* BOUCE ME...

HEY, *EILEEN*! BLAST IT! HURRY UP! STOP FOR-*JORN*! ME, I'VE BEEN DRESSIN' AN' O'WON OUF ON I'LL COME IN *THERE* AN' GET YOU... *READY* OR NOT?

WAI'LL YOU SEE HER? SHE'S *BEAUTIFUL!* GOT THE *PRETTIEST* FACE IN THE *WORLD!* AN' HER *FIGURE*... WELL, JUST WAIT AN' SEE! *LOWHAT* I'LL BE HAPPY, BUT SOMETHIN' KEEPS *MADDEN'* AT ME, KEEPS *NOTHERIN'* ME!

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT *WHY* THAT *WHOLE THING* OF RIGHT THEN AND THEN... JUST WHEN I WAS *WAITIN'* HIM, I NEVER *SEEN* A *WHALE* DISORDER BEFORE, NOR HERE I HEARD OF ANYONE ELSE THAT'S SEEN IT HAPPEN.



NOW *THERE'S* A *DUCKER* COMBINATION OF THINGS FOR A MAN IN LOVE T'BE THINKIN' OF... A *BORZOUS* WOMAN AND... *WHIN*... *WHALE SPIN*! BUT I CAN'T *HELP* IT, I GOT THE *SAME GULD FEELIN'* IN MY *INWARDS* AS I GET WHEN MY *SHOOP* IS NEARIN' A *REEP* IN A *THICK FOG*. I CAN'T *SEE* THE *REEP* BUT *INSTINCT* TELLS ME IT'S *THERE*...

AN' SOME KIND OF *CRABT INSTINCT* IS MADDEN AT ME *RIGHT NOW*. MAYBE YOU CAN *HELP* ME, LE' ME *FELL* YOU 'BOUT *EILEEN* AND ME... AND MY *SHOOP*... AND THE *WHALE*... AN' THE *MAN* I *MURDERED*!

'BUT *WHERE* TO *SEARCH* ON THAT *WARM* SPRING MORNIN', I *RECKON*, WAS THE *SEAF'* OF IT? WE'D *DROPPED* ANOTHER *HEIN* IN *SAN DIEGO* AND ME AND MY *FIRST* MATE, *SEN HARPER*, WERE *HURRYIN'* DOWN THE *SAND-FLANK*...

I WANT YOU TO *HUNK WITH* US THIS TIME, CAP'N. I WANT YOU T' *MEET* *EILEEN*!

ANOTHER TIME, *MATE*? I GOT SOME *GOOD* *ADD-RESSES* IN *CHICO*...



'FOR SEVEN MONTHS... FROM THE TIME *SEN HARPER*'S SIGNED ON MY *SHIP*. ALL I'D HEARD FROM HIM WAS *EILEEN*... *NOW* *BEAUTIFUL* THIS *BRIDE* OF HIS WAS AND *NOW* I HAD TO *MEET* HER...

WELL, HAVE *DANGER* WITH US THEN, *MATT*. AT *LEAST* THAT...

WELL, ALL RIGHT, *SEN*. BUT *JUST* *DANGER* THEN I'LL BE ON MY *WAY*!



'WITH *SEN HARPER* BEIN' THE KIND OF A *CHAP* HE WAS... NOT AT ALL ON THE *RUGGED* SIDE... AND NOT MUCH ON *LOOKS* EITHER... I NEVER *FIGURED* HIM TO HAVE LANDED ANYTHING LIKE THE *BEAUTY* THAT *CREATED* HIM WHEN HE REACHED THEIR *APARTMENT*...

OH, *MONEY*. I THOUGHT THIS TRIP WOULD *NEVER* *END*!

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU *HOME*, *SEN*, DARLING.



"BUT I COULD SEE FROM THE WAY THAT SHE TURNED HER HEAD SO'S HE COULDN'T KISS HER ON THE LIPS THAT EILEEN WASN'T AS GLAD TO SEE BEN AS SHE MADE OUT. FACT IS, AS HE WAS LOVIN' HER, SHE KEPT LOOKIN' PAST HIM TO ME..."

ALL THESE LONG MONTHS BABY... YOU'VE BEEN WHAT I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT EVERY MINUTE... AWAKE OR ASLEEP...

"SHE KEPT LOOKIN' AT ME... TALKIN' WITH HER EYES... FIRST CURIOUSLY, THEN AN INVITATION... YELLING IT WAS AN ELECTRIC THING THAT PASSED BETWEEN US... SOMETHING WE BOTH UNDERSTOOD IN THOSE FIRST QUICK MOMENTS WITHOUT HAVING SPOKEN A WORD..."

"BEN INTRODUCED US, BUT I FELT I ALREADY KNEW HER BETTER'N HE DID. I FOLLOWED THEM INTO THE LIVING ROOM, WATCHIN' EILEEN, TAKIN' IN PARTS MOVIN' SENSUOUSLY. THERE WERE PICTURES BURNIN' IN M' BRAIN, TATTOOED WITH A WHITE HOT NEEDLE..."

MATT'N SPOKE TO HAVE DINNER WITH US, HOM... BUT HE WON'T STAY ON WITH US. HE'S GOT OTHER PLANS...

"BEN MOVED OFF TOWARDS THE STOVEN..."

SEE IF YOU CAN'T DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT GETTIN' MATT TO STAY WITH US WHILE I GO WICK-UP SOME DRINKS...

SURE, BEN...

"EILEEN DID SOMETHIN', ALL RIGHT. SHE MOVED TOWARDS ME, SLOWLY, HER HIPS SWAYIN' EVER SO EASY. SHE KEPT LOOKIN' AT ME WITH THOSE SOFT, INVITIN' EYES, AND THEN SHE SPOKE WITH THAT SOFT, MELLOW, HONEY-FLEED, EXCITIN' VOICE..."

YOU... WILL... STAY... ON... WITH...

I... I...

WE... WON'T TELL, MATT?

"SEVEN MONTHS AT SEA WITHOUT SO MUCH AS SLEEPIN' A WOMAN MAKES A MAN ACT WITHOUT THINKIN', I GUESS. I HAD A FRIENDLY IMPULSE TO THROW MY ARMS AROUND EILEEN... PULL HER TIGHT AGAIN' ME... CRUSH MY HUNGRY LIPS AGAIN' HERS. AND SUDDENLY I WAS DOWN' IT? ..."

"SHE PULLED BACK AT FIRST, THEN CHANGED HER MIND, AND MOVED IN TIGHT. SHE MELTED... BLENDED... LIKE WE WERE ONE. THAT'S HOW QUICK WE HIT IT OFF TOGETHER. EILEEN AND ME? I WAS PARTIN' HEAVY AND WIPIN' HER LIPSTICK WHEN SHE TENSED..."

WHY'D YOU DO THAT, MATT?

'SHE KNOW WHY I DID IT, THE TANTALIZING DEVIL, SO I GAVE HER A FLIP ANSWER JUST AS BEN, POOL-STUNNED, LOVESICK BEN, CAME IN WITH THE DRINKS.'

...I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO KISS THE BRIDE BEFORE THIS!

HAH! I TOLD YOU YOU'D LIKE EILEEN, CAPN? SO ON, BE MY GUEST!

ER... I... I THANK I'VE TALKED MATT INTO STAYING, BEN...

'I GAVE EILEEN A BASHFUL PECK ON THE CHEEK AND BEN GRINNED, PLEASED AS PUNCH THAT I WAS PLEASED WITH HIS WIFE, PLEASED?' I WAS CRAZY ABOUT HER... TORTURED 'CAUSE BEN WAS ALWAYS CLOSE BY IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, BUT THEN, ONE DAY, I GOT A CHANCE TO TALK TO EILEEN...'

WHY'D YOU MARRY HIM? YOU DON'T LOVE HIM!

THAT'S PUTTING IT BLUNTLY, ISN'T IT? WELL, I'LL GIVE YOU A BLUNT ANSWER! SECURITY!

BEN MAKES GOOD MONEY? HE NEVER SPENT MUCH BEFORE WE GOT MARRIED! HE WANT SECURITY TO ME, MATT... A NICE HOME... CLOTHES... FOOD... EVEN THIS LITTLE CAP...

AND NOW, NOW THAT YOU'VE MET ME? I CAN SEE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME, YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH ME?

I DO LOVE YOU, MATT! I'VE NEVER MET A MAN I LOVED SO MUCH! BUT I WANT THE THING BEN'S MONEY GETS FOR ME...

AND I WANT YOU, EILEEN. I'M GOIN' TO HAVE YOU SOMEDAY, TOO! I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT I WILL! I SWEAR IT...

'THE TWO WEEKS WENT BY AND IT WAS TIME TO SHOVE OFF AGAIN. I SAW EILEEN ONCE MORE THE WAY I DID THAT FIRST DAY... WITH BEN'S ARMS AROUND HER... SHE LOOKED OVER HIS SHOULDER, BUT FANS TIME, WHAT SHE SAID WAS MEANT FOR ME...'

BE GOOD... GOODBYE, DARLING! I'LL BE COUNTING EVERY SECOND TILL YOU COME BACK TO ME...

'AND LATER, BEN AND I STOOD ON THE BRIDGE OF THE SULTANA, WATCHING SAN DIEGO VANISH INTO THE MIST. THERE WAS NO TALKIN' BETWEEN US, ONLY OUR QUIET THOUGHTS... HIM REMEMBERIN' THOSE SHORE NIGHTS WITH EILEEN... AND ME, HATTIN' HIM FOR THEM, KNOWIN' IT WAS ME SHE WANTED...'

'AND I MADE UP MY MIND RIGHT THEN THAT MY FIRST WIFE... BEN HADDER, WOULD NOT BE COMIN' BACK FROM THIS VOYAGE WITH ME...'

I KNOW, CAPN? YOU OUGHT TO HAVE SOME- BODY LIKE EILEEN TO COME HOME TO!

MAYBE SO, BENHADDER SO...



WHAT IS THERE ABOUT A MAN THAT LETS HIM LOVE ONE WOMAN... LONG FOR HER THE WHOLE TIME HE'S AWAY... AND THEN, NO MATTER HOW HE HITS PORT, SET ABOUT HUNTING FOR ANOTHER TO BE WITH. SEN AND HE WERE NO DIFFERENT. FROM BOMBAY TO OSAKA, JAPAN...



AFTER A PLEASANT VISIT, I REMEMBERED OTHER BUSINESS THAT NEEDED TENDING TO. SO, SHOES IN HAND, I PROCEEDED OVER TO A PAPER SHOP AND CALLED OUT...



I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE SHIP, SEN.

THEN I VISITED A CERTAIN TOOTHY SEXT WHO COULD FURNISH A LOT OF INFORMATION ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS. MOST OF THEM UNWHOLESOME. HE MARKED A CRUDE BLACK CIRCLE AROUND A TINY DOT ON A GREASY OLD MAP FOR WHICH I GAVE HIM ONE CRISP U.S. DUCK.



PLENTY PEOPLE ON ISLAND. YEAH, BUT IT IS NOT GOOD SO THERE, YEST?

GRAND-PA! THANKS!

I LEFT THE SHODDY LITTLE SHOP AND MADE MY WAY BACK THROUGH CROOKED JAMMED STREETS TOWARD THE SHIP, MY HEAD SPINNING WITH THOUGHTS OF EILEEN AND SEN AND HOW HE WASN'T GOIN' TO SEE HER AGAIN... NOT IF I GOT MY BUCK'S WORTH OF INFORMATION OUT OF THAT HEBBEN, BRIGHN' OLD BENT...



WE WERE UNDER WAY AGAIN BEFORE MIDNIGHT. SEN WAS LYIN' ON HIS BUNK, WEARY, BUT NOT TOO TIRED TO TALK ABOUT HIS FAVORITE TOPIC... EILEEN. I SAT AT MY DESK, STUDYING THE GREASY OLD MAP.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A GOOD FEELING IT IS TO BE FINALLY GOIN' HOME TO HER, MATT... STRAIGHT HOME TO MY WAITIN' DARLING...

NOT STRAIGHT HOME, SEN. I'VE GOT ONE SHORT STOP TO MAKE!

WHERE'RE YOU TAKIN' ABOUT, MATT? OSAKA WAS OUR LAST PORT OF CALL.

THIS IS A PRIVATE DEAL, SEN. A FRIEND OF MINE IN BOMBAY ASKED ME TO DROP A BARREL OF FUEL OIL AT THIS LITTLE ISLAND. I PROMISED I WOULD.



WE REACHED THE TINY SPECK OF FORSAKEN CORAL AND LAVA THE THIRD NIGHT OUT. EXCEPT FOR A GLEAMER OF LIGHT HERE AND THERE IN THE BLACKNESS, THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE ISLAND. WHILE THE BARREL OF FUEL OIL WAS BEING LOADED INTO THE DUMMIE I ELECTED SEN TO TAKE IT ABOARD...



IS THERE TIME FOR ME TO GO SOME HUNTING, SKIPPER?

NEVER! SEN! MATEY, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU...

'BEN' REACTED EXACTLY AS I'D EXPECTED HIM TO REACT. I WATCHED HIM ROW ACROSS THE LAGOON TO A SMALL DOCK AND TIE-UP. A MINUTE LATER HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARK, BUT I SPOTTED TOWN OF THE ORIENT'S ISLAND DUMPHING BROUNDS FOR ITS CONDEMNED... CONDEMNED TO DEATH, THAT IS, BY BUBONIC PLAGUE! THE BLACK DEATH! NOT THIS DEATH...



IT WAS ALMOST DARK WHEN MY FIRST MATE RETURNED TO THE SHIP, EXHAUSTED BUT PLEASED WITH HIMSELF. HE'D HUNTED DOWN AND GOTTEN' WHAT HE WANTED. HE'D GOTTEN MORE' THAN HE WANTED! IT TOOK TWO DAYS, THEN BROKE OUT...

...CAN'T PICK MYSELF UP OUT OF M' BUNK, MATT. NOT... FEVER... CHILLS. I'M SICK...

YOU'LL HAVE TO DOCTOR YOURSELF, BEN. WE'RE A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE NEAREST PORT...



'BEN' CAME DOWN FAST. HE STARTED SWELLIN' AROUND HIS ANKLES AND OTHER PLACES. SOON, A FEVERISH, GREENISH-YELLOW SCURF COVERED HIM AND A STINKING, NAUSEATING DISGUSTANCE OGGED FROM HIS FLESH. I KEPT CLEAR OF HIS QUARTERS FROM THEN ON AND ORDERED THE CREW TO DO THE SAME...

I KNOW THE SYMPTOMS... THE SORE THROAT, POISONIN' OF THE BLOOD, AND THAT COUGH. THAT'S WHEN IT'S DANGEROUS THE PLAGUE IS IN HER LONGS NOW. A MAN CAN CATCH IT EVEN TALKIN' T' HIM...

BUBONIC PLAGUE... GASP... THE BLACK DEATH!



'AT THE MENTION OF THE DREAD, HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS DISEASE, THE CREW PALED AND SHUDDERED AS ONE MAN, IT WAS PART OF MY PLAN LETTIN' THEM HEAR... REMINDIN' THEM. BUT ONE DAY, THEY FOUND SOMETHIN' ELSE TO OCCUPY THEIR MINDS. I FOUND 'EM TOSSEIN' GARBAGE OVERBOARD...

WHAT'RE YOU MEN DOIN'?

FEEDIN' THE WHALE, CAP'TN STARRS. HE'S BEEN FOLLOWIN' US ALL MORNIN'! SKEET



I'VE SEEN WHALES BEFORE BUT NEVER SO CLOSE AS THAT GREAT BALL BREKIN. HE KEPT UP WITH THE SHIP... OPENIN' HIS TANKIN' CAVE OF A MOUTH TO LET THE GARBAGE IN...



'WHAT KEPT BEN HARRER ALIVE, I'LL NEVER KNOW. MAYBE HE WAS RACIN' AGAINST DEATH JUST TO SEE EILEEN ONCE MORE. ANYHOW, THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE TERRIBLE ONES AND I TRIED TO RELAX BY TOSSEIN' CHURNS OF MOLLY BEEF AND OTHER REFUSE TO THE WHALE TAILIN' US...



'THE WHALE STAYED WITH US, SOMETIMES HE'D ROLL AND DIVE AND WE WOULDN'T SEE HIM FOR HOURS, THEN SOMEBODY'D YELL "THAR 'E BLOWIN'" AND HE'D BE BACK GRASIN' ANOTHER GARBAGE FEAST...





"AT NIGHT I'D GO OUT ON DECK, BREATHIN' IN THE SALTY WARM PACIFIC AIR, AND I'D THINK ABOUT ME AND BREN. I WAS THINKIN' OF HER THE RIGHT ONE OF THE MEN SAME A' BURNIN' AND SCREAMIN'..."

"HIS FACE IS ALL ROTTEN BLACK, CAPN'... AND HIS FLESH IS MOVIN' LIKE IT'S—CHORE—CRAWLIN' WITH MAGGOTS!"

"BEN... OUT OF HIS ROOM! GOOD LORD! HOW COULD THE MAN BALK??"

"AND THEN... I SAW HIM! BEN WAS A WALKIN' DEATH. HIS BODY A MASS OF BLACK ROT. SMALL SPIDERY THING DRIPPIN' AWAY WITH EACH STUFF STAGGERIN' STEP HE TOOK. HIS CLOTHES WERE A TATTERED STINKY MESS OF GREENISH DRIED OOZE AND CONGEALED BLACK BLOOD. MY OWNER CAME UP SOON IN MY THROAT."

CHORE.

"I HOLLERED FOR SPOTLIGHTS AS HE STUMBLERED ACROSS THE DECK. MEN CAME BLINKIN' WITH GAFFS, THEIR FACES TWISTED IN DISGUST. BEN KEPT SHUFFLIN' COMIN' TOWARDS ME..."

"GET HIM OVER THE SIDE, YA BILBE LICE! DUMP HIM BEFORE HE HAS US ALL WASTIN' AWAY WITH THE BLACK ROT!"

"THEY TRIED HOOKIN' THEIR GAFFS INTO BEN, BUT THE TIPS CAME AWAY WITH HORRIBLE SOBS OF FOUL-SMELLING ROTTED FLESH. THEY TRIED SHOVIN' WITH THE POLES. BEN SOT OUT IN FURF BY THE RAIL, WITH NO MORE SOUND THAN IF HE'D BEEN A JELLYFISH, AS HE WENT OVERBOARD."

"BY MORNIN', I FELT BETTER ABOUT THE WHOLE THING. WE'D LEFT WHAT WAS LEFT OF BEN HUNDREDS OF MILES BEHIND US AND I'D COMMITTED A MURDER NOBODY'D BE ABLE TO PIN ON ME. I HAD MY MIND ON LOVELY BREN WHEN TOM BALLARD, MY SECOND MATE CALLED ME TO THE RAIL..."

OUR WHALE'S STILL WITH US, CAPN'!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT HE'S ACTIN' QUEER... ISN'T HE?!

"AN' THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPERED! THE HUGE BALL SPERM SHATTERED CONVULSIVELY. A TREMENDOUS YELLOW AND GREY BUBBLING MASS OF WAX-LIKE STUFF SPURED OUT OF HIS CAUTEROUS NOOTH. BUBBLIN' UNOULATING ON THE DECK, IT SURTAGE..."

"AMBERGRIS! FLOATING GOLD! THE SPERM OF A SPERM WHALE. NEEDED FOR THE BEST PERFORMED THAT FOUL-SMELLING, FATTY MEAT WAS WORTH A FORTUNE."

REVERSE ENGINES! PREPARE TO LOWER ANCHOR ALL BOATS! A HUNDRED DOLLAR BONUS TO EACH MAN WHO HELPS...

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, CAPN'! THAT STENCH IS OWERIN' US!

NO'ING, BY HEAVEN! THAT'S WHALE SPERM, AMBERGRIS!



I EMPLOYED A HUNDRED BARRELS OF MY FUEL OIL CARGO TO HOLD MY AMBERGRIS. A WEEK LATER WE COLLIDED IN SAN DIEGO, WHERE I CALIBRATED BLAZES FROM A PORT HEALTH OFFICIAL... BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER I'D DISPOSED OF THE AMBERGRIS.

THE PERFUME MAKER NOT ONLY PAID ME SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND DUCKS FOR MY AMBERGRIS, BUT ALSO SENT ME A FLAZON OF THE SCENT MADE FROM IT. WHEN I FINALLY GOT OUT OF QUARANTINE, I BROUGHT IT TO EILEEN.

SO THAT'S IT! NOW, EILEEN IS IN HER ROOM THERE, GETTIN' INTO 'SOMETHING COMFORTABLE,' AS SHE PUT IT, WHICH IS PROBABLY A SHEER BLACK HELLISIDE, AND I'M THINKING ABOUT WHY SOME STUPID WHALE THREW UP WHEN IT DID...

COMING INTO PORT AFTER A FLAZON DEATH ON YOUR SHIP MAY COST YOU YOUR PAPERS, CAPTAIN STARKER!

THE DEVIL WITH MY PAPERS. I'M A RICH MAN AND I'M GOING TO MARRY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD!

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR HOW BEN DIED, MATT! ALL I KNOW IS YOU ARE HERE... THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

HERE, BABY! HERE'S ENOUGH PERFUME TO BATHE IN! AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!



I OUGHT TO BE GLAD IT HAPPENED! IF IT HADN'T, I'D BE SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS POORER, AND... AND... OH, LORD!

BEN! THAT BLASTED WHALE MUST HAVE SWALLOWED THE BLACK-ROTTED DISGASTED REMAINS OF BEN HARPER! THAT'S WHY HE THREW UP!

EILEEN! EILEEN, OPEN UP! QUICK! DON'T USE THAT PERFUME, EILEEN! DON'T USE IT!



EILEEN HARPER COMES OUT OF HER ROOM NOW, GRINNING ECSTATICALLY... THE BLACK SPONGY, ROTTING FLESH DROPPING FROM HER FACE. THE WHITE BONE GLEAMING THROUGH HERE AND THERE, CAPTAIN STARKER SCREAMS IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT AND STENCH OF HER...

WHY BEN, MATT? IT'S SUCH A LOVELY-SMELLING PERFUME, DARLING.

YAAAAHHHHH!



HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S THE LEAD-OFF PARR, YELP-HOURS. DID YOU NOTICE THAT EILEEN REALLY DIDN'T CARE THE PERFUME MATT SAID HEY? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE WAY HER FACE DROPPED? WELL, I GOT A DATE WITH MY EDITORS TO PLAY A GAME OF HEARTS. WE USE REAL DUES I'LL BE BACK LATER WITH ANOTHER TERROR TOME NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE MULL-KEEPER, BY THE WAY, THE WHALE IN THIS TANK WAS SORRY HE BROUGHT THE WHOLE THING UP!



- END -

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELL, HEN? SEASICK? NO? GOOD! OLD MAL DE MER-RICK O.K., HAS SOFTENED YOU UP FOR THE CHILL! NOW YOUR VAULT-KEEPER IS READY TO PUT YOU ON ICE WITH A GRIPPING GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF A GREEDY BOON WHO DUMBLED HIS SKY INTO A DIVE! HE WAS A REAL BONE GUY WHEN HE WAS THROUGH SO COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR, AND LISTEN TO THIS SCARY EPISODE I CALL...

## BURIAL at SEA

YOU'RE NAME IS BARNEY HOAG. YOU'VE ALWAYS CRAVED SOLITUDE AND NOW YOU'VE FOUND IT ON THIS BLEAK LORELY, WINDSWOPT, SUN-TORTURED FLORIDA KEY. . . THIS GRIM ACRE OF UNPEOPLED PARADISE. YOU GUIDE YOUR OLD CAR INTO A SANDY, BRISTLING PALMETTO PATCH, AND YOU UNLOAD YOUR GEAR. . .



IT'S... IT'S LIKE ANOTHER WORLD... MY OWN PRIVATE WORLD! IT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



SWEATERS IN A SEA OF SWEAT, BAGGING UNDER THE LOAD OF FISHING TACKLE, BAIT BOX, FOOD HAMPER AND GALLON JAR OF WATER, YOU'VE FOUND TEMPORARY RELIEF IN THE SHADE OF SAINT LONG-NECKLE PINES AS YOU TRUDGE TOWARD THE GLARING WHITE BEACH.



YOU PASS A LINE OF SILENT PALMS LEFT LEANING LANDWARD BY SOME LONG AND WILDLY WIND THAT HAD ONCE MOANED BY. AND, UNLOADING YOUR EQUIPMENT ONTO THE BURNING SAND, YOU STUDY THE GUNNARLY-SHAPED BROTESQUE MANGROVE TREES, THEIR EXPOSED SHAKELIKE ROOTS INTERTWINING, SPRAWLING FROM THE BRINE AT THE SHORE.



YOU TURN AT THE SOUND AND SEE NO FISH, BUT AN ALMOST-NAKED, BEARDED, BERRY-BROWN OLD MAN WITH GREY HAIR DOWN TO HIS SHOULDERS EMERGE FROM THE DEPTHS AND HEAD HIS WAY TOWARD THE BEACH.



THEN, BARNET HOWL, YOU SWEAR UNDER YOUR BREATH... BECAUSE YOU ARE NO LONGER ALONE. YOUR SOLITUDE IS GONE. YOU BEGIN TO FEEL IN... TO LEAVE IN DISBURT... WHEN YOU FEEL THE SUDDEEN STROMS TIPPING ON YOUR LIP...



THE FISH BREAKS WATER, STRUGGLING TO SPIT OUT THE HOOK AND YOU SEE THAT IT IS A BARRACUDA. FINALLY, YOU BRING THE VICIOUS SCOUNDREL OF THE SEA TO LAND. YOU STARE DOWN AT YOUR GASPING CATCH, SHIVER AT THE SIGHT OF ITS BARED RIPPER TEETH.



BEYOND, THE TURQUOISE ATLANTIC RESTS TRANQUILLY BETWEEN TIDES. SPOOK, HOOK BAITED, FEET BARED, YOU TREAD FAR OUT OVER THE SAND AND CORAL BOTTOM BEFORE REACHING KNEE-HIGH WATER. YOU BEGIN TO SLUG-CAST AND ALL IS PEACE AND QUIET EXCEPT FOR THE SOUND OF A FISH NEARBY, LEAPING FROM THE SEA.



YOU STAND, STARING, AS HE MOVES SOUNDLESSLY ACROSS THE SAND TO THE BROKEN HULL OF AN ANCIENT VESSEL THAT HAD BEEN TOSSED, HALF-HIDDEN, AMONG THE PALMS. AS YOU WONDER WHY YOU HADN'T NOTICED THE GRUELLED WRECK BEFORE, THE OLD MAN WAHERS INTO IT THROUGH A CRUDE GOONWAY CUT INTO ITS ROTTING SIDE.



YOU PACK AND LEAVE YOUR SHIMP-TERED PARROT, GRATIFIED AT LEAST, THAT THE OLD MAN HADN'T BEEN YOU AND SUSPECTED YOU TO ENDSIDE, BORING TALK. SADDENLY, A LONG BLACK SHADOW FALLS ACROSS YOUR PATH. A THIN, RIPING VOICE BRINGS YOU UP SHORT...



YOU TURN NOW, BARRY, FACING THE SPIZZLED OLD MAN. NUDE, EXCEPT FOR A TATTERED FELTY PAIR OF DUCK PANTS THAT BEGG OF DEAD FISH, HE POINTS A BUSTY, BEED MUSKET AT YOUR CHEST...



**YOU HEARD ME, MISTUR? I' COME RUST TO YER PROPERTY, SO IT'S *WINE!* NOW *SO!*, 'FORE I BLAST YER CLEAN T' KINGDOM COME!**

YOUR FRIGHT OF THIS SPIZZLED OLD MAN WITH THE ANCIENT WEAPON GIVES WAY TO ANGER AT HAVING BEEN CHEATED OF YOUR LONGED-FOR SOLITUDE...



**I WAS GOING, YOU DIRTY OLD COOT... BUT NOW I GOT A MIND TO *STAY!***

**FRY STAY, MISTUR, AH' I'LL BE GOT YIN' YIN UP FER SHARK BAIT!**

THERE'S A COLD GLINT IN HIS ICE-BLUE EYES, AND HIS SUN-BRONZED CROSS-HATCHED BEAN GRANS TAUT ACROSS HIS JAWS. YOU RELENT IN THE FACE OF THE WEAPON IN THE OLD MAN'S THICKENED GRIP AND YOU MOVE OFF ANXIOUSLY THROUGH THE PINES...



BOILING WITH RESENTMENT, YOU STOP YOUR GEAR INTO YOUR CAR, THEN YOU GAZE BACK TOWARD THE BEACH, UNWILLING TO BOW TO THE OLD ONE'S ILL WILL...



**HE *BL*OFFED ME AWAY, BUT I'M *NOT* LEAVING!**

I'LL SHOW THAT OLD GRAB. I'LL BURN 'EM OUT. I'LL SET FIRE TO THAT FILTHY WRECK HE LIVES IN AND I'LL BURN HIM OUT FOR GOOD!



SLOWLY, SILENTLY, STEALTHILY YOU MAKE YOUR WAY BACK TO THE BARNACLE AND SALT-ENCRUSTED WOODEN CARCASS OF HALF A ONCE-PROUD VESSEL. YOU'RE FILLED WITH VINDICTIVENESS AND CURIOSITY. YOU STOP OUTSIDE THE ROTTED DOOR. A METALLIC GLEAM CATCHES YOUR EYE...



**WHAT... WHAT'S THAT? ON THE SAND! LOOKS LIKE A... A...**

YOU PICK UP THE GLITTERING OBJECT. YOU STUDY IT, TURNING IT OVER IN YOUR HANDS...



**IT *IS!* IT'S A GOLD COIN! REAL GOLD!**

YOUR FIRST REACTION IS TO GET AWAY WITH YOUR PRIZE. YOU HURRY, STUMBLING, TO YOUR CAR...THE ANCIENT GOLD COUPLER ON SLUTTERED TIGHTLY IN YOUR SWEATY PALM. YOU DRIVE HASTILY OFF THE LONELY KEY, SPEEDING NORTHWARD ACROSS THE OVERSEAS HIGHWAY BRIDGE...



YOU EASE UP ON THE GAS, YOU STOP RUNNING. YOU THINK SOME MORE AS YOU DRIVE SLOWLY NORTHWARD. SOON, YOU REACH ANOTHER KEY, ROLL UP TO AN EATERY THERE, AND WALK TOWARDS IT...



SO, BARNEY HOGS, GRES AND DETERMINATION ETCH THEMSELVES INTO YOUR FACE AS YOU MAKE YOUR DECISION...



ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS, BARNEY? THINK AGAIN. THAT'S IT? NOW YOU'VE GOT IT...



YOU SIT AT A FLY-FLECKED COUNTER, STARING AT THE MENU, HARDLY SEEING IT.



YOU ARRIVE BACK AT "THE OLD MAN'S KEY" ALONG WITH THE RIGHT. PARR AS YOU DID THAT MORNING AMONG THE PALMETTOS, AND, TAKING A JACKKNIFE, YOU SUIT YOUR CAR...



QUIET WHISPERING IN THE PINES ACCOMPANY YOUR SLOW APPROACH TO THE BEACH. THE DIZZY CHIRP OF CICADAS SURROUND YOU. WITHIN, YOU FEEL THE RAPID THUMPING OF YOUR HEART. A RISING GIBBONS MOON LIGHTS YOUR WAY TO THE SAND BULK AMONG THE PALMS ON THE BEACH.



NOW YOU ARE THERE, BARNEY, YOUR HEAVY BREATHING BLENDING WITH THE BREEZE BLOWN PALM FRONDS THAT SOUND SO MUCH LIKE A SUMMER SHOWER, AND WITH THE GENTLE LAPPING OF THE SEAS UPON THE NEARBY SHORE. A SOFT ORANGE LIGHT GLIMMERS THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR. YOU PEER IN.

YOU SEE HIM IN THE FLICKERING CANDLE GLOW, HIS MAD EYES GLEANING AS HE LETS A TRICKLE OF GOLD COINS FALL THROUGH HIS GRASPED FINGERS INTO A WOODEN BOX ON THE ROUGH TABLE AT WHICH HE SITS. THE FAINT CHIRP OF CLINKING METAL INVITES YOU IN...

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, BARNEY SLAM OPEN THE DOOR! THAT'S IT! SCARED ALMOST OUT OF HIS WITS, THE OLD MAN DROPS HIS TREASURE INTO A DIRTY WRINKLED CLOTH AND BALLS IT UP IN HIS TREMBLING HANDS.



YOU STEP TOWARD HIM. THE OLD MAN DROPS HIS RAG-WRAPPED TREASURE OF COINSLONGS TO THE FLOOR, THEN, BENDING AS THOUGH TO RETRIEVE THEM, HE COMES UP AGAIN, THE RUSTED OLD MUSKET IN HIS BONY FANGS... POINTED AT YOUR HEAD.

THE OLD MAN CHORTLES, PULLS BACK HIS FOREFINGER, SQUEEZING THE MUSKET'S TRIGGER, BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. NO BLAST, NO SHOT, NOTHING. THE BOLT, FROZEN BY YEARS OF RUST, DOESN'T MOVE. A COLD TWISTED GRIN WEATHERS YOUR SWEAT-STAINED FACE AS HE SAVES ON.



YOU LEAP AT HIM, BRINGING THE IRON JACKHAMMER DOWN ON HIS SKULL, FEELING THE CRUSHING OF BONE.

YOU PICK UP THE BUNDLE AND EMPTY THE COINS INTO THE MISER'S BOX... THROWING THE RAG AWAY.



AGAIN AND AGAIN YOU STRIKE, UNTIL HE SINKS LIFELESS TO THE FLOOR, THEN ONE MORE TERRIBLE BLOW AS HE LIES THERE, JUST TO MAKE SURE, AND HIS BRAINS SCATTER ABOUT THE WORK-WEARIED BOARDS.

YOU SCRAMBLE ABOUT THE BRINE-FOULED WRECK. ANGRY. ANGRILY SEARCHING...

THERE *MUST* BE MORE!  
THERE'S *GOT* TO BE MORE!



BUT YOU'VE GOT IT ALL, BARNEY, AND KNOWING THAT, YOU SAG TO THE FLOOR, SICK AND TIRED WITH DISAPPOINTMENT. BUT THE OLD MAN'S RECK OF DIRTY CLOTH CATCHES YOUR EYE...

DOTTED LINE... MARKED "100 YARDS"... TO A BIG "X"... FROM A LINE MARKED "LOW TIDE"... AND AN ARROW MARKED "H"... BY GOD! IT'S A *MAP!*



WELL, I'LL BE... IT'S A *TREASURE MAP* THE OLD MAN MADE... IT *MUST* BE WHERE THE *OTHER* HALF OF THIS *SNIP* IS, THAT'S WHAT IT *MUST* BE! YEAN! *SURE!* A *PIRATE SHIP*, BROKEN IN TWO BY A *HURRICANE!* HALF *SUNK!* HALF *WASHED ASHORE...* THIS *HALF!*



THAT'S WHAT HE WAS DOIN' WHEN HE WAS COMIN' OUT OF THE WATER. HE WAS BRINGING BACK THESE *DOINGS* FROM THE *SUNK* HALF OF THE WRECK! IT'S *OUT THERE!*



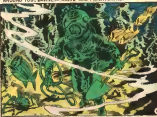
*SLOWLY*, BARNEY. *SLOW* NOW. *THINK IT OUT*. YOU'RE ON TO SOMETHING. JUST THINK IT OUT *CAREFULLY*. *SLOW* OUT THE OLD MAN'S LANTERN. THAT'S IT! NOW GO OUTSIDE. LOOK OUT THERE... AT THE SEA...

I'M NOT MUCH OF AN *UNDERWATER SWIMMER!* BUT I MAY BE ABLE TO RENT A *DIVING SUIT* SOMEWHERE! YEAN! I'LL DRIVE TO *KEY WEST*...



SO YOU DRIVE ALL NIGHT, BARNEY, AND YOU'RE IN KEY WEST WHEN DAWN LIGHTS THE SKY. BY LATE AFTERNOON, YOU'RE BACK AT THE "OLD MAN'S KEY" WITH A DIVING SUIT, ENOUGH ROPE TO GO OUT 50 YARDS, A GASOLINE-DRIVEN COMPRESSOR, THE WORKS. BREATHING WITH EXCITEMENT, YOU TAKE A SPACE AND START PACING OUT INTO THE SURF...

DEEPER AND DEEPER YOU GO... OUT UNDER THE ROLLING BREAKERS. OUT INTO THE SEA. AND THE SEA IS ALIVE AROUND YOU, BARNEY... ALIVE AND FRIGHTENING...





YOU SO OUT PAST THE MAP'S 50 YARDS AND THE SEA AROUND YOU IS FULL OF NORSEAL, BARNNEY, BUT NO BROKEN PIRATE HULL, NO SUBMERGED HALF-HULK DO YOU SEE...

I MUST'VE BEEN CRAZY TO TAKE THAT OLD COOT'S MAP SERIOUSLY!



AND THEN YOU SEE IT, RISING LIKE A SHADON AHEAD OF YOU. THE MARKER.

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THERE AIN'T NO BOAT, HE'S HAD THE TREASURE, HE WAS BRINGIN' IT OUT! HE WAS BRINGIN' IT IN HERE... BRINGIN' IT!



THESE SIX FEETERS DOWN, BEFORE THE ALGAE AND MOSS-CORUSTED MARKER, YOU BEGIN TO DIG. YOU DIG DOWN AND YOU DIG OUT... AN OBLONG, EMPTY HOLE WITH MOSS, NO CHEST, NOTHING... YOU CLAM UP, BETER WITH FRUSTRATION...

MAYBE THE MARKER SHOWS WHICH SIDE TO DIG ON. I'LL JUST SCRABE OFF THE SLIME...



WITH YOUR SPAD, YOU SCRABE OFF THE GREEN ALGAE AND MOSS AND SLIME. AND YOU TURN COLD, STABBERSIN BACK IN A FRENZY AT WHAT YOU SEE...

YOUR AIRLINE FOULS AROUND THE MARKER, STOPPING YOU FROM RUNNING. TERRORIZED, YOU TAKE AT THE RUBBER TUBE. THE MARKER TILTS FORWARD, SLOWLY... FALLING... AS IF IN SLOW MOTION.



NO! NO! GOOD LORD!



...PINNING YOU DOWN INTO THE HOLE YOU'VE DUG... PINNING YOU DOWN INTO YOUR GRAVE. FOR YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE LONG, THE GAS IN THE COMPRESSOR OUT ON THE SHORE WILL RUN OUT AND THE AIR WILL BE GORING AND YOU'LL SUFFOCATE. THE OLD MAN, THE CRAZY OLD MAN! HE WAS RIGHT! HE DID KNOW! HE WAS PREPARED! THE LETTERS CUT INTO THE MARKER LAUGH AT YOU.



HEH, HEH LIKE THEY SAY, KIDDIES? BARNNEY BOG HIS HOLE... NOW HE'S DYING IN IT. HE THIRSTED AFTER GOLD AND SETTLED FOR A BELLIFUL OF SALT WATER. WELL, THAT'S MY TREASURE-TERROR-TALE FOR THIS ISSUE OF *D.K.'S MORRIS MAG.* NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO HIM FOR A TALK ABOUT A BLONDE FLIRT WHO FINALLY MADE SOME DESSERT. COURTESY BOO!

I'LL SEE YOU NEXT IN *MY MAG.* THE HAULT OF HORROR! 'BYE, NOW!





# GUNMAN



With the cardboard carton propped against the wall, Ed Grant pressed the door buzzer: chimes rang inside the apartment and footsteps scurried toward him. The safety latch scraped open, the door swung wide and Ed Grant stepped into the apartment, pushing the carton in front of him. "What . . . what's this?" the woman asked in surprise, pointing to the carton.

"Delivery." Ed Grant answered, locking the door shut with his heel. He slipped the latch into place and dumped the carton on the floor. "B-But I didn't order any . . ." the woman protested. Then she saw the gun Ed Grant held. "You . . . a . . ."

"A guy working his way through college," Ed Grant said flatly. "Don't make me flunk you on this test, lady. . . I want all the cash and jewelry you got here!"

Grant heard a high-pitched voice coming along the corridor from one of the bedrooms, and he turned warily. A cow-headed five-year-old careened into the room, deeply involved in banking an imaginary aircraft he was piloting. He stopped in his tracks, his mouth gaping. "Hey!" he whinnied. "Who's this, mom?"

"L-Look, mister," the woman pleaded. "We don't have much money, see? My husband's only a lab assistant at the chemical plant on River Street. He just got outa school himself, and . . ."

"Get it!" Ed Grant snapped. "C'mon . . . the CASH! Where's it at?"

The kid, who had sauntered over to the foyer table, suddenly pulled a cap pistol from a toy holster slung over the chair and whirled toward Ed Grant. His finger squeezed the trigger and his high-pitched voice exploded in a series of raucous gumber sounds. Ed Grant started at the sound, then began to laugh deep in his throat. "The kid's a lil' whacky, ain't

he?" he snickered. Then, nudging her toward the kitchen with his gun, he added, "Let's find that dough, sister!"

While the woman nervously pulled a purse from a kitchen drawer, the kid grabbed a tiny telephone buried in a toy box and yelped into the receiver. "Sheriff! Ambie over here pro-sec-ut-ee! Vaamin's robbin' my mom!"

Ed Grant tilted his head far back, opened his mouth and roared with delight till tears came to his eyes. For several minutes he shook with uncontrolled mirth. Subsiding slowly, he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "The lil' nut," he chorled. "A real character, ain't he? Right outa television!"

The kid's face clouded and he ran from the room. A moment later, as Ed Grant peered into the purse he had grabbed, the boy returned. He held a small water pistol. Ed turned, started to guffaw again. "Jerko, here," he exploded. "A reg'lar half-pint hero, ain't he?"

The boy's face tightened . . . he squeezed the trigger and a stream of smoky fluid sprayed into Ed Grant's face. He dropped his gun and a shriek of horror poured from Ed Grant's scathed lips. He staggered backwards, his eye-sockets raw cavities where the eyeballs had just been burnt out of his head. One trembling hand went to his face . . . passed over the ruined flesh, which was curling away with a bubbling sound, revealing stark yellowish bones beneath. Ed Grant screeched in agony, his face already a ghastly oozing wound. He sagged to the floor.

The boy felt his mother's arm tagging him sharply, as she yanked the water pistol from him. "Just wait till I tell your daddy what you just did!" she snapped. "He told you a hundred times never to fill your gun with his sulfuric acid!"

**NOW...IF YOU JOIN...YOU GET THE BULLETIN...FREE!**



**YES, FANS... YOU, TOO, CAN BE LUCKY LIKE MELVIN, HERE! YOU, TOO, CAN COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION OF E.C.'S! YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE**

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\* (\$0 BONUS BONUS FOOT THE BAL FOR THE BULLETIN, 0000) (JUST WE HAD TO MAKE THE PRICE? \$0 BONUS)

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 106  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK, 12, N. Y.

So here's my \$0¢! So I could've joined for half the price a couple of months back! So now I get a bulletin subscription. So who says I want it. So I'm a sucker. So put me down and send me the stuff what the kid's wearing and the bulletin I don't want but I'm paying for...

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SEND NO.

\* (\$0 BONUS MEMBERSHIP WILL BE ACCEPTED AFTER JUNE 1, 1961)

# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Here comes our mangled madman with the latest sack of corded crumpled squares containing words corresponding from your scraps. So I'll just stick my honey paw into the YEEHOOFWFW! Hm-mm-mm! Very funny! Somebody sent a large scrap in a small envelope. A stringy trick? Where was I? Oh, yes... so I'll just stick a pair of scissors into the old mail sack and peel a few poems and send for your perusal.

Jenny Harroath of The Bronx, N. Y. joins the Patriotic Parody to the tune of "I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover":

I'm tanning you over  
With a sharp lawn mower  
That I never used before.  
The first blade's for chopping,  
The second will hack,  
The third will disperse  
Your head from your neck  
No need explaining,  
The one remaining  
You won't have anymore.  
I'm tanning you over  
With a sharp lawn mower  
That I never used before.

From the creative clare of John M. Gault who lives in a box in Waterville, Me comes this Steam Song Satire of the tune "Heart of my Heart":

Part of my heart,  
I love that engine,  
Part of my heart,  
Being back a vein to me  
When we were kids  
On the corner of the street  
We were rough and ready guys,  
But, oh, how we could handle barres  
Part of my heart:  
Mount friends were faster than  
Too bad we had to part  
I know a year would suffice  
If only more I could listen  
To that gang that are part of my belt.

This next Ludicrous Lyric is the brainwork of Conrad J. Falk, of Chicago, Ill who takes fun at the tune "Singing in the Rain" with these wangled words:

I'm swinging in the rain,  
Just swinging in the rain,  
What a ghastly old feeling,  
My neck's stretched again,  
My eyes bulge with pain,  
As I guggle this refrain,  
I'm swinging, swinging in the rain.

II

The soap has been sprung,  
My neck has been wrong,  
My tongue is just dangling,  
I know that I'm done  
My face is all red,  
I know that I'm dead,  
I'm swinging, swinging in the rain.

Clara Estelle Crossland of McKeesport, Pa. who claims to be a poet in the strictly artistic sense of the word, submits this lovely little sentiment to pluck your heart strings:

My boyfriend is a charming thing  
I love him 'cause he is so sweet  
One side of his ugly face is gone,  
The other hangs with coral meat.

Raymond Newman of Chicago, Ill writes these poetic verses:

Oh, for the life of a vampire,  
That's what I really crave  
To peel the face of death at night,  
And sleep each day in a grave.

John Nordmark of Maparth, N. Y. shares his love with this poem:

Blood and Guts  
All over the street,  
And me without  
A spoon to eat.

Paul Block and Douglas Turbman (they had to collaborate on this epic, yet) of Elmhurst, N. Y. found a famous nursery rhyme odd:

Hickory Dickory Dock  
The mice went down the clock.

Well, enough wit. Now here listen.

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I was walking down the street reading my latest EC, when all of a sudden there was a scream, a scream, and a man lay on the road. He had been hit by a car. The car sped away. I ran over to see what I could do. The man lay there and said, "I'm dying! Help me!" So I helped him. My sentence is going to be carried out next Monday.

Bob Wilson  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

And now, on the page left, the commissioner of sub-reception to this mag will set you back \$7.00 for eight copies: mental envelope... and all that sort. The address for sub orders, poems, comments, and criticisms is:

The Crypt-Keeper  
Room 706, Dept. 44  
222 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

HERE'S A TERROR-TALE OF A  
CHICK WHO FINALLY WORMED

# The PROPOSAL



PEARL HAD ALWAYS LIKED LIVING IN THE BEST OF STYLE... WITH FINE CLOTHES, JEWELRY, A PARK AVENUE APARTMENT, AND A CHAMPAGNE CADILLAC. AND PEARL HAD ALWAYS MANAGED TO FIND RICH HUSBANDS WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO KEEP HER IN THE STYLE TO WHICH SHE'D BECOME ACCUSTOMED. LIKE **FREDDY HOWELL**, FOR INSTANCE. FREDDY HOWELL WAS PEARL'S LATEST RICH-HUSBAND-BANKRUPT. HE WAS, THAT IS, UNTIL HE ANNOUNCED...



"WE'RE THROUGH, PEARL... I'M GOING BACK TO MY WIFE!"

"GEE? WHY... WHY, YOU CHEAP NO-GOOD..."

NOW, FREDDY WAS GONE. PEARL HAD LOST ANOTHER BILL-PAYING HUSBAND, AND THE **WIFE** WAS AT THE PENTHOUSE DOOR. PEARL WAS DESPERATE. A DODGY, DESPERATE PLAN WAS FORMULATED IN HER PRETTY RED HEAD AND DISCARDED BEFORE SHE REMEMBERED THE QUIET, GENTLE, LONELY MAN ACROSS THE HALL...



"OF COURSE! HE MUST HAVE MONEY. OR HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO LIVE IN THIS GLORIFIED CAGE. HE'LL BE A **POORBOY** FOR LITTLE PEARL..."

SHE WRAPPED HER FLIMSY BLACK NEOLISEE AROUND HER SHAPELY FIGURE AND STEPPED BOLDLY INTO THE HALL AS HOWARD ELLIS LOCKED HIS APARTMENT DOOR BEHIND HIM AND TURNED TO THE ELEVATOR...



"I **SEE** YOUR PARLOR, BUT DO YOU HAVE THE **TIMEPHY AUTON** SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED..."

"IT'S... GULP... IT'S NINE... THIRTY..."

PEARL LET HOWARD STARE, SHE LET HIS EYES TRAVEL OVER HER FULL YOUNG BODY JUST LONG ENOUGH. THEN, SHE PUT ON THE SHY EMBARRASSMENT ACT...

OH, I... I'M **TERribly** SORRY, MR. ELLIS! I... I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME! MISS PEARL, DRAKE!

ELLIS! HOWARD ELLIS! I... I... WELL, HERE'S THE ELEVATOR!

PEARL INMEDIATELY CURSED THE HIGH SPEED CONVEYANCE THAT HAD RUSHED UPWARD THROUGH THE STEEL THROAT OF THE BUILDING AND INTERRUPTED HER PROGRESS. SHE TURNED AND SLIDED BACK TO HER APARTMENT AS THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSED.

GOOD MORNING, MR. ELLIS... AND THANK YOU FOR THE FINE!

NOT AT ALL, MISS DRAKE...

SHE CLOSED THE DOOR, LEANED BACK DISTRACTEDLY AGAINST IT, AND FROWNED...

I WONDER IF I OVERPLAYED MY HAND WALKING OUT LIKE THIS? I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO THINK I'M A CHEAP FEMALE WOLF ON THE PROWL. HE LOOKS SO PROPER AND PRUDISH, I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE IF HE THOUGHT THAT!

THEN PEARL SMILED. SHE WALKED SLOWLY ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM, HER VOLUPTUOUS FIGURE SWAYING SENSUOUSLY...

BUT HE IS A MAN! HE'S GOT ALL OF THE INSTINCTS OF A MAN. I'LL GET HEGANT SET ME OFF HIS MIND!



SHE STOPPED AT THE DESK, HER MIND RACING... SCHEMING. PLANNING HER NEXT MOVE, SHE FINISHED THE DISPOSABLE NOTICE SHE'D RECEIVED IN THE MORNING MAIL...

THEY'VE GIVEN ME A CHECK TO FORN OVER THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS WERE OR OUT ON THE STREET I GO. AND I HAVEN'T GOT IT! I HAVEN'T GOT HALF THAT MUCH!



PEARL PONDERED HER PROBLEM ANOTHER MOMENT AND THEN, WITH HER LOVELY FACE ASSUMING A DETERMINED AIR, SHE HURRIED INTO THE BEDROOM TO DRESS...

MR. HOWARD ELLIS IS MY ONLY GUY! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM. SHE'LL BE THE OTHER!



THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR EYED HER UP AND DOWN AND SMILED LASCIVIOUSLY WHEN SHE ASKED HIM THE INFORMATION SHE NEEDED. IT WAS OBVIOUS HE'D HEARD OF HER PLAN...

IT'D LIKE TO FIND OUT WHAT MR. ELLIS DOES FOR A LIVING? WHAT FIRM HE WORKS FOR?

WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT WHAT I CAN DO, INSTEAD, HONEY?



PEARL KNEW WHEN TO ACT HAUGHTY AND INDIGNANT. UNDER OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES, THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR MIGHT HAVE AROUSED HER INTERESTS, BUT NOW...

WHY YOU *FRISK*...



SHE STOOD PROUD AND TRIUMPHANT AS HE RUBBED HIS BEET-RED CHECK WHERE SHE'D SLAPPED IT. THEN, SHE SOLELY REPEATED...

I ASKED YOU IF YOU KNEW MR. ELLIS'S *STOCK BUSINESS*? ... HE... HE'S A *STOCK BROKER*! I... THINK HE HAS HIS *OWN FIRM*!



PEARL CROSSED THE LOBBY TO THE PHONE BOOTHS AND SCANNED THE CITY DIRECTORY...

ELLIS... ELLIS... ELLIS, AH, HERE IT IS! HOWARD ELLIS AND ASSOCIATES, INC., STOCK BROKERS, INVESTMENT CONSULTORS, 231 WALL STREET...



OUTSIDE THE LUXURIOUS APARTMENT, PEARL CONTEMPLATED HAILING A CAB, THEN CONSIDERED HER WAVING FINANCES, AND WALKED ON THE SIDE STREET TO THE SUBWAY. SHE ROSE UNCOMFORTABLY IN THE CROWDED ROARING CARS, HER QUINTY NOSE TWITCHING SCORNFULLY AT THE SUFFOCATING SCENT OF THE NURANIY SURROUNDING HER. SHE TRIED TO LOSE HERSELF IN HER PLAN OF STRATEGY...

I'LL WAIT FOR HIM OUTSIDE THE *RESTAURANT* AT LUNCH HOUR. OF COURSE IT WILL BE AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.



AT NOON, PEARL WAS AT THE ENTRANCE TO 231 WALL STREET, HER GAINSAID FOR THE COMFORT OF THE UNSUSPECTING MR. ELLIS CRYSTAL-CLEAR IN HER MIND...

I'LL CONVINCE HIM TAKING ME TO LUNCH AND HE'LL SEE I'M NO CHEAP DAME! HE'LL SEE I GOT HIGH-CLASS TASTE! HE'LL... DU-DUM HERE HE COMES... AND HERE I GO...



I SEE YOUR PARDON, MA'AM? I DIDN'T SEE...

I'M SORRY! IT WAS ALL MY FAULT! I... WHY, IT'S MR. ELLIS!



MR. ELLIS! THIS IS A COINCIDENCE, RUNNING INTO YOU LIKE THIS... OH, BUT YOU DON'T JUDGE... YES... *WAVE* ME IN MY CLOTHES, DO YOU? I WEAR GRACE... THESE CLOTHES, REMEMBER THE MORNING? PEARL DRAKE? THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL? ... OH, AND THE BEET-RED WATCH!



BEFORE HOWARD COULD OBJECT, PEARL STEERED HIM TO A TAXI, TOOK HIS HAND, AND LED HIM INTO IT AFTER HER...

YOU DO REMEMBER WELL, DON'T YOU SOMETHING FOR BEING SO KIND THIS MORNING, MR. ELLIS. I'M TAKING YOU TO LONDON. THE PLAZA DRIVE!

THE PLAZA? BUT THAT'S WAY UPTOWN, MISS DEAR...



BY THE TIME THEY'D FLOWED UPTOWN THROUGH THE TRAFFIC AND ARRIVED AT THE BEAK PLAZA DINING ROOM, PEARL'S BULLIANT DISPOSITION HAD WARNED THE BITY MILLIONAIRE...

FIGHT SCOUSE, HOWARD, AND THE ROAST PHEASANT UNDER GLASS SOON WAS DELICIOUS.

HAVE YOU GOT THAT, WAITER? I'LL HAVE A HAM SANDWICH ON WHOLE WHEAT TOAST AND A GLASS OF MILK...



THROUGH THE MEAL, PEARL CAREFULLY ENCOURAGED HOWARD. BY DESSERT, HE WAS STRUGGLING TO SAY SOMETHING. BY POLICE-CAFE, HE'D FINALLY SUMMED UP THE COURAGE TO PUT HIS HAND ON HER AND BLURT...

PEARL... HELP... MAY I TAKE YOU TO DINNER AND A SHOW... TONIGHT?

OH, I'D LOVE THAT, HOWARD!



AND THAT NIGHT, AFTER THEIR DATE, THEY RETURNED TO THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR OF THE LUSH PARK AVENUE APARTMENT HOUSE. PEARL DROPPED HER COOR AND SPOKE TEMPTHELY IN A SOFT HONEYED TONE...

WOULDN'T YOU COME IN FOR A NIGHTCAP HOME, DEAR?

THANK YOU, HO PEARL. I HAVE A BOARD MEETING IN THE MORNING AND I MUST GET TO BED...



SO AFTER A BUCK GOODNIGHT, PEARL FOUND HERSELF ALONE IN HER APARTMENT, FRUSTRATED AND ANNOYED...

E. I MUST BE LOSING MY TOUCH!



BUT HOWARD ELLIS PHONED PEARL THE NEXT DAY FROM HIS OFFICE AND HER CONFIDENCE IN HER EVENTUAL SUCCESS WAS RESTORED...

WELL, PEARL? WHAT SHALL IT BE TONIGHT?

IT'S SUCH A LOVELY NIGHT, NONE, I'D RATHER NOT. HE INSISTED LET'S TAKE A HAWSON THROUGH THE PARK!



PEARL KNEW WHERE TO FIND ATMOSPHERE CONGENIAL TO ROMANCE, THE RIDE THROUGH THE PARK IN THE HAWSON CAB WAS JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD ORDERED. SOON, HOWARD WAS HOLDING HER HAND AND WHISPERING SOFTLY...

IT IS A LOVELY NIGHT, PEARL... BUT NOT NEARLY AS LOVELY AS YOU ARE!

WHY, HOWARD...





PEARL WAS AN OLD HAND AT THIS GAME OF TRAPPING A MAN. SHE KNEW HOW TO PRESS HER ADVANTAGE... HOW TO MOVE HER SOFT FULL-LIPS CLOSE TO HIS INVITING...

OH, PEARL!



AND SHE KNEW HOW TO ACT SHY AND EGG AND SURPRISED WHEN HE'D FINALLY FALLEN INTO HER LITTLE TRAP...

I-I'M SORRY, PEARL! I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT...

I-I DON'T MIND, HOWE! I-I'M VERY FOND OF YOU!



SOON THEY WERE BACK OUTSIDE HER APARTMENT. PEARL LEANED AGAINST HER DOOR, FINGERING HOWARD'S COAT LABEL AND GENTLY, GENTLY DRAGGING HIM AGAINST HER SUIMERS' BODY, WHISPERING...

KISS ME AGAIN, HOWE!

PEARL!



SHE KISSED HIM WITH MOIST RAVISHING HUNGRY LIPS. SHE COOED HIM AS SHE KNEW HE'D NEVER BEEN KISSED BEFORE, AND THEN SHE LEFT HIM STANDING THERE... LIMP... TREMBLING... GASPING FOR BREATH. SHE LOCKED THE DOOR BETWEEN THEM AND STOOD IN THE DARKNESS OF HER APARTMENT, SMILING WITH SATISFACTION...

ONCE MORE LIKE THAT AND HE'LL BE BEGGING AND IT'S BETTER BE SOON! I'VE ONLY GOT A FEW DAYS LEFT BEFORE I GET RIPPED OUT!



IT WAS WARM THE NEXT EVENING, THERE WAS NO MOON AND THE SUN HUNG DARK OVERHEAD. PEARL COULD SENSE THE DEEP TENSION IN HOWARD AS THEY WALKED HOME. SHE WAITED PATIENTLY UNTIL HE STOPPED BENEATH A LAMP POST AND HE SAW A NEW EAGER DETERMINED LOOK IN HIS EYES...

PEARL! I-I ASKED YOU! I WANT YOU!

OH HOWARD! IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW MUCH I NEED YOU!



SHE WATCHED THIS WEALTHY MILDUETAST PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER MANFULLY. SHE LISTENED, SHOOKED, TO THE WORDS HE CAREFULLY ENUNCIATED IN A FIRM, ALMOST FORMAL MANNER...

PEARL, I WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE!

WHAT?!



THIS WAS BEYOND PEARL'S WILDEST DREAMS. HAD SHE HEARD RIGHT? WAS THIS A PROPOSAL? NOW IT WAS PEARL WHO WAS NERVOUS. THE CHARACTER WAS PLAYING FOR KEEPS, NOT FOR A MONTH, A YEAR, FOREVER. SHE HAD TO ASK HIM AGAIN...

HOWARD, ARE YOU SURE? YOU DON'T KNOW ME!

I KNOW YOU WELL ENOUGH TO WANT YOU FOR MY WIFE, PEARL!



PEARL WAS ECSTATIC, SHE GLOWED IN HER UNBROKEN FOR TRIUMPH, AND WHEN HE ASKED...

WILL YOU COME UP TO MY APARTMENT, PEARL?  
OH, YES, HOW? YES...

THEY WENT UP... HE, HOLDING HER HAND IN A TIGHT FEVERISH GRIP, HIS BREATHING QUICKENED WITH EXCITEMENT... AND SHE, FOLLOWING EAGERLY, ANXIOUS TO CONVINCE HIM OF HIS WISE CHOICE, ANXIOUS TO THANK HIM...

IS HERE... THE BEDROOM... YES, HORRIBLE...

HE OPENED THE BEDROOM DOOR AND SHOVED PEARL IN. SHE HEARD THE LOCK CLICK BEHIND HIM... HEARD HIS LOW THROATED SMILE. SHE PEERED INTO THE BLOOM...

ESTHER? I BROUGHT ANOTHER ONE... ESTHER?? WHO'S SHE??

AND THEN PEARL SAW THE COFFIN IN THE BLOOM... THE OLD COFFIN WITH THE LID SQUEAKING OPEN... THE PALE WHITE FIGURE RISING FROM IT... BITS OF EARTH CRUMBLING FROM ITS FLOWING BLACK CAPE... THE RAZOR-SHARP SNAKE-LIKE FANGS... THE BEZEL SPITTLE...

HOWARD PUSHED PEARL TOWARD THE FROTHING, GRAYING, HIDEOUS CREATURE...

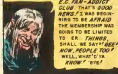
I TOLD YOU I WANTED YOU FOR MY WIFE!  
NO! NO! OH, LORD!

MY GOD! WHAT IS IT, HOWARD? WHAT IS IT?  
THIS IS MY WIFE, PEARL! SHE'S A VAMPIRE!

ESTHER? I BROUGHT ANOTHER ONE... ESTHER?? WHO'S SHE??

AND HOWARD SAT DOWN AND WATCHED WITH SATISFACTION AS HIS LIVING-DEAD WIFE SPRANG UPON THIS LATEST DESERVING VICTIM HE'D BROUGHT. HE LISTENED EAGERLY TO HER SLUTTIOUS SLUMPING NOISES. HE NODDED APPROVINGLY AS THE PINK GLOW CAME BACK INTO HER SUNKEN CHEEKS, AND PEARL'S WRITHING BODY BECAME PALER AND PALER AND PALER.

SO POOR PEARL FINALLY FOUND HER LAST HUSBAND... GOODBYE! ONLY IN THIS CASE, IT WAS THE HUSBAND'S WIFE WHO WAS THE JUDGE... BLOOD-SUCKER! THAT IS! HEH, HEH! WELL, THE OLD BITCH FINITS WITH ANOTHER OF HER CREEPY DADDY-DADDY-CONDUCTIONS SO I'LL STEP ASIDE WHILE SHE SLURS SLIME AT YOU. BY THE WAY, I HEAR SOME PEOPLE FINALLY JOINED THE E.C. FAN-ASSOCIATION... THAT'S GOOD NEWS! I WAS WORRYING TO BE AFRAID THE MEMBERSHIP WAS GOING TO BE LIMITED TO ER... THINGS. SHALL WE SAY... SEE? NOW, PEOPLE TOO? WELL, WHAT'D YOU SAY? 'ERE!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HIE, HIE! COME IN, CREEPS. YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE FOR HITCHING... THE HAUNT OF FEAR, AND... *WHY DID I SAY THAT?*... I THAT'S FRENCH, FRIENDS!... HAVE I GOT A REVOLTING TALE FOR YOU, WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S COOKING IN MY CRUSTY CAST-IRON CAULDRON? WELL, YOUR OLD WITCH HAS A SOFT BLAS OF EARLY GAB ABOUT A TERROR TIME AND A FAST OPERATOR WHO BROUGHT A MESSY MATTER TO A HEAD AND CUT IT OFF THERE! SO WIFE THE GIGOL FROM YOUR CHINS, SEND YOUR FLOPPY EARS THIS WAY, AND LISTEN TO THIS DELIGHTFUL TALE OF BUTCHERY CALLED...

## The Sliceman Cometh

THAT 10TH OF MARCH, 1789, WAS GRIM AND GREY WITH RAIN THREATENING IN THE DIMMOUS BLACK CLOUDS THAT BILLOWED OVERHEAD. A RAIN WIND HOWLED FURIOUSLY ABOUT THE CRIMSON-STAINED MILLOTINE, BUT IT COULD NOT CLEAR THE REFOULED AIR OF ITS SEATOR AROMA. UNDERFOOTDOOR-STONES WERE SLIPPERY WITH CONGEALING GORE, WHILE FRESH WARM BLOOD SIBBLED IN A CONSTANT FLOW DOWN THE BUTTERS AS THE GREAT BLADE HISSED DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN, HEAPING THE BASKET WITH WIDE-EYED NOBLE HEADS THERE, CALMLY, STOOD THE MAN OF THE HOUR, THE EXECUTIONER, ANDRE MOINE, AND THE JEERING, HOOTING, RED-BONNETED CITIZENRY, READING AN URGENT MESSAGE JUST HANDED TO HIM.

"AND IF A THOUSAND GOLD LOUIS INTEREST YOU, THEN VISIT ME AT 48 RUE D'ORLÉANS. HMM? PIERRE, I MUST LEAVE! CARRY ON FOR ME, EN?"

"A PLEASURE, ANDRE."

AS ANDRE HURRIED AWAY FROM THE ANGRY SCENE... HIS BLOOD-SPARKED SHOES LEAVING RED IMPRINTS ON THE PAVING STONES... HE EAGERLY RE-READ THE NOTE HE'D RECEIVED.

"A THOUSAND GOLD LOUIS? SACRE BLEU!"



SOON, THE EXECUTIONER WAS BOWED UPWARD INTO A SPACIOUS ROOM OF 48 RUE DUBOIS BY A VENERAL-LOOKING MAN WITH AN UNCTIOUS GRIN ABOUT HIM. . .

AN, M'SIEU VACHE! I AM JEAN COURBEAU! IT IS A GREAT HONOR INDEED TO HAVE SO IMPORTANT AND DISTINGUISHED A VISITOR AS YOU IN MY HOME. . .



YOU MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT ONE THOUSAND GOLD LOUIS.

CITIZEN COURBEAU THAT IS WHY I AM HERE.



MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, WOULD YOU? . . . SOME OF THE FINEST WINE FROM MY CELLAR AND MORE. . . I WILL EXPLAIN WHY I SENT FOR YOU. . .



ACTUALLY, THIS HOUSE IS NOT MINE. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CLAUDE. . . BEING THE ELDEST, MY FATHER LEFT HIM EVERYTHING. . . A FORTUNE W'DOUL SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN TO CLAUDE, I'D BET IT ALL. YOU UNDERSTAND?



YOU WANT ME TO KID YOU OF YOUR BROTHER, CITIZEN COURBEAU? BARRISTE! YOU INSULT ME! I WOULD MURDER A MAN, EVEN FOR THAT MUCH GOLD!

NOT MURDER! M'YAN MERELY AN ACCUSATION TO THE RIGHT PARTIES. AND THE HEAD OF ANOTHER ROYALIST SYMPATHIZER W'DOUL ROLL INTO YOUR BASKET.



WELL, THAT IS A DIFFERENT STORY M'SIEU COURBEAU. IF YOUR BROTHER IS ONE OF THEM. . . A ROYALIST. THEN I WILL BE GLAD TO EXPOSE HIM. IT W'DOUL BE MY DUTY!

YOU ARE A WISE MAN, M'SIEU VACHE. DO NOT THINK I AM NOT FOND OF MY BROTHER. BUT THERE ARE TWO THINGS I LOVE MORE: FRANCE AND MONEY!



HERE IS HALF THE PAYMENT. . . 500 GOLD LOUIS. YOU WILL RECEIVE THE REST WITHIN I HAVE PROOF THAT MY BROTHER HAS BEEN SECURED? SO MANY HEADS FALL THESE DAYS. . .

YOU SHALL HAVE UNDENIABLE EVIDENCE, CITIZEN COURBEAU. I WILL SEE TO IT! AND NOW, HOW SOON. . .



AND SO, THAT VERY DAY, ANDRE VACHE MADE HIS ACCUSATION. . .

I HAVE IT FROM HIS OWN BROTHER'S LIPS, CITIZEN M'YAN! CLAUDE COURBEAU IS IN FULL SYMPATHY WITH THE NOBILITY, DESPISES THE NEWLY-FORMED REPUBLIC AND W'DOUL BETRAY IT AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY. . .

ORDER THE ARREST OF CLAUDE COURBEAU.



THE NEXT DAY, CITIZEN MARAT AND SIX OTHER JUDGES OF THE COMMISSION LOOKED DOWN COLDLY AND IMPASSIVELY AT THE ACCUSED. . .



I AM NOT AN ENEMY OF THE REVOLUTION. WHEN AN INNOCENT MAN CAN BE DRAGGED FROM HIS HOME ON THE FLEIGHT OF PRETEXTS ACCUSED OF TREASON WITHOUT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE, AND SENT TO THE GUILLOTINE BY SUCH A LIE... THEN THIS IS NOT A TRIAL, BUT BARTON BUTCHERY!

CITIZEN MARAT HELD UP HIS HAND AND A HUSH FELL OVER THE CHAMBER. THEN, SCOWLING DARKLY AT THE ACCUSED, HE WHISPERED. . .



THIS IS YOUR DEFENSE, M'NEC COMRADE! . . . THAT WE ARE BUTCHERS BECAUSE WE DESTROY OUR ENEMIES!

HE LOOKED AT HIS FELLOW JUDGES. . .



WHAT SAY YOU CITIZENS? WE HAVE THE WORD OF THE EMINENT EXECUTIONER, ANDRE MACHE, CITIZEN MARAT! THAT IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US!

ANDRE MACHE LED CLAUDE TO THE MONSTROUS MACHINE AS WHISTLING NEEDLES CLICKED AND THE THERING JERRED. . .



SOMEHOW, YOU DELAY THE PERFORMANCE, M'NEC. MADAM LA GUILLOTINE MUST NOT BE KEPT WAITING!

SOMEHOW, YOU DELAY THE PERFORMANCE, M'NEC. MADAM LA GUILLOTINE MUST NOT BE KEPT WAITING!

THE CHAMBER, THROGGED WITH ANGRY RAISED CITIZENS, SHOOK WITH THE HORROR CLAMORING FOR STILL ANOTHER HEAD. . .



HE EVEN SPEAKS LIKE THE NOBILITY! DEATH! DEATH!

CITIZEN MARAT BARRD HIS HAND AND DROPPED A SQUARE OF BLACK CLOTH. . . AND WITH THIS SYMBOLIC GESTURE, THE CROWD ROARED ITS APPROVAL. . .



THE FEROCIOUS CLAUDE COURSEING, IS DEATH ON THE GUILLOTINE!

THE RED-BONNETED CROWD WAITED IN TENSE SILENCE AS THE HEAVY KNIFE WAS HOISTED HIGH BETWEEN THE SLOTTED PARALLEL BEAMS, THEN, WITH A WHINING CRESCENDO TO ACCOMPANY THE RAZOR-SHARP BLADE'S DESCENT, THE CROWD EXPLODED IN A LUSTY CHEER AS IT HIT, CUTTING THROUGH FLESH AND BONE, SLAMMING INTO THE BLOCK. . .



ANDRÉ CAUGHT CLAUDE'S HEAD IN A SACK AS HOT BLOOD SPURTED FROM THE SEVERED VEINS AND ARTERIES OF THE DECAPITATED BODY, SPRAYING HIS FACE AND CLOTHES. HE HELD UP THE HEAD-HEAVY SACK WITH A TRIUMPHANT GRIN. THE CROWD SCREAMED...

HE MOVED THROUGH THE SILENT DERELICT STREETS, HEARING THE CHEERS FROM THE BULLDOZING SQUARE AND THINKING ONLY OF THE GOLD HE HAD CARRIED. BEFORE LONG, HE ARRIVED AT 49 RUE DU BOIS...

ANDRÉ WAGHE REACHED INTO THE SACK, PULLED FORTH ITS CONTENTS, AND HELD IT DABBLING BY THE HAIR...



JEAN COURBEAU TURNED SICKLY GREEN. HE WHISPERED SOFTLY...

ANDRÉ WENT LIGHT-HEARTEDLY THROUGH THE EVENING STREETS, THE GOLD JINGLING IN HIS POCKETS, THE SACK SWINGING MERRILY AT HIS SIDE. A COACH RUMBLLED BY, AND HE PLAYFULLY TOSSED THE RED-SOAKED BAG THROUGH ITS WINDOW...



THE COACH STOPPED. A TALL MAN GOT OUT AND CARRIED THE SOBBY BUNDLE BACK TO ANDRÉ...

THE MAN HURDED ARORE THE SACK...

THE COACH RUMBLLED OFF AND ANDRÉ WALKED ON, DETERMINED TO HIDE HIMSELF OF THE HEAD. AS HE CROSSED ONE OF THE SEINE BRIDGES, HE TOSSED IT OVER THE PARAPET...



DO YOU TAKE OUR REVOLT SO LIGHTLY THAT IT AMUSES YOU TO THROW ABOUT THE HEAD OF AN ENEMY?

TAKE CARE, CITIZEN! YOU SPEAK TO WAGHE, MASTER OF THE BULLDOZING!

AND I, CITIZEN WAGHE, AM MASTER OF FRANCE... ROBESPERRÉ!

A... A... THOU-SAND PAROONS, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

ANDRE DID NOT SEE THE SACK LAD IN THE BOTTOM OF A SKIFF THAT CAME FROM UNDER THE BRIDGE AND THE HEAD ROLLED OUT AND THE FISHERMEN GASPED.



I WAS IN THE SQUARE WHEN HE GOT THIS HEAD TODAY, HEAVY! HE HELD IT UP FOR ALL TO SEE. HE WAS VERY PROUD OF IT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME-ONE VERY SPECIAL!



WHEN ANDRE RETURNED TO HIS ROOMING HOUSE, HE WAS GREETED BY HIS LANDLADY, MADAME BARRETTE...

TWO CITIZENS LEFT JANE FOR YOU, M'IEU - KACKE!

NO! NO? IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!



ANDRE HURRIED OUT INTO THE STREET WITH THE BLOOD-SOAKED BAG. HE STOPPED OVER A STWER-SWART...

DRANK CLAUDE COURBEAU! SO THEY PLAY GAMES WITH US? WELL, PERHAPS THE RATS DOWN THERE WILL FIND YOU TEMPTING...



THE HEAD DROPPED TO ANDRE'S FEET AS IT TORE THROUGH THE SACK'S BLOOD-ROTTED BOTTOM, THE CLOTH DISAPPEARED INTO THE GARB-REeking DARNING. AS ANDRE HESITATED, STUPIDLY, AS AN ORGANT, HEARD WITH HEADLESS CORPSES, ROUNDED THE CORNER...

KACKE! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU! LOOK! ORGANIZE SOME OF YOUR CUSTOMERS!

TAKE THEM AWAY, BOON! SO BURY THEM!



ANDRE STOOD OVER THE GRIMMING HEAD, HIDING IT FROM THE CART-DRIVER'S VIEW...

I'M IN NO HURRY WAZHE. LET US STOP FOR A DRINK! OUR HEADLESS FRIENDS CAN WAIT!

LET ME ALONE, BOON! SO BURY YOUR FOUL-SMELLING DEAD!



BOON SHRUGGED AND THE CO-CART RUMBLLED OFF. ANDRE TURNED TO THE HEAD, ANGRY AND FRUSTRATED. HE REACHED FOR IT SAVAGELY...

TORMENT ME, WILL YOU, CLAUDE COURBEAU! WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



THE EXECUTIONER CAME UPON A MARKET OPEN LATE AND LIT DIMLY BY OIL LAMPS. HE PASSED THE STALLS OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES AND SMILED AT THE JOKE HE MADE...

NOW, M'IEUX NORDOY, IN AMONG THE CABBAGES WITH YOU. *BENEFITE*, AND PERHAPS YOU WILL END UP IN SOMEONE'S SOUP.

FREE AT LAST OF HIS PAINFUL BURDEN, ANDRÉ CELEBRATED HIS NEW-FOUND FORTUNE AT AN INN WITH A GLASS OF BRANDY. THEN HE RETURNED HOME AND, MEETING HIS LANDLADY, GOOD-NATUREDLY RELIEVED HER OF HER SHOPPING BASKET.

POURQUOI, MADAME BARETTE? PERMETTEZ-ME? YOU ARE A SCOTFLERMA, M'IEUX VACHE!

THEY ENTERED THE ROOMING HOUSE TOGETHER AND WENT INTO THE SITTING ROOM.

YOU SEEM IN A JOYFUL MOOD TONIGHT, CITIZEN VACHE? I HAVE COME INTO SOME WEALTH AND I, I, I... CHORE...



CLAUDE COURBEAU'S HEAD SPRUNG UP AT ANDRÉ FROM AMONG THE VEGETABLES. MADAM BARETTE EMPTIED OUT ONTO THE KITCHEN TABLE...

SACRE DIEU! IT'S BACK! WHAT IS BACK, M'IEUX VACHE! WHA... GUE... EEEEEEAAGH!



THE LANDLADY MOANED AND TURNED AWAY, EYES ANDRÉ, SHARING UNCONTROLLABLY, FLUNG OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND THREW THE BARGOYLE-LIKE SKULL INTO THE DARK STREET BELOW...

STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU HEAR? STAY AWAY!



A MOMENT LATER, MONSIEUR ETIENNE, ANOTHER BOUNCER, ENTERED... ON HIS DOUR FACE, A LOOK MORE OF PATHOS THAN ANGER... IN HIS HAND, THE HEAD...

IT IS NOT THAT YOU STAMPED ME WITH THIS VACHE! IT IS THAT YOU HAVE SO LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE DEAD THAT MERTS... NO! NO! NOT AGAIN!



ANDRÉ PUNED, THE BLOOD DRAINING FROM HIS FACE... HE SEIZED A CLEAVER FROM THE TABLE, THEN TURNED... AND SWALLOWED THE HEAD FROM MONSIEUR ETIENNE.

I'LL DESTROY IT! I'LL CHOP IT TO BITS! THERE'LL BE NO HEAD TO RETURN WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH IT!





ANDRE STUMBLED TO HIS ROOM AND WITH A BANG THAT VIBRATED ON MADNESS, HE ENDED ON THE FLOOR AND HACKED AT THE LIFELESS FLASH AND SOME UNTIL HE'D REDUCED IT INTO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE HEAP OF MESSY MESS.



THEN, WEAK AND EXHAUSTED, HIS INTERESTS ROLLING AND SLITHERING LIKE JELLY, THE EXECUTIONER SAAM ON HIS BED IN A COMA-LIKE STUPOR.



AN HOUR PASSED. PARIS WAS ASLEEP. THE NIGHT WAS STILL, EXCEPT FOR AN OR-CART THAT RUMBLER BY BELOW. ANDRE STIRRED AT ITS NOISE AND SAT UP, HE LISTENED TO THE FRONT DOOR OPEN... THE HEAVY DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS... THE KING OF HIS OWN ODD TURN... AND THEN...



THE HEADLESS CORPSE STUMBLED TOWARD ANDRE, ITS HAND GESTICULATING TOWARD ITS NECK, POINTING.



THE DECAPITATED BODY HESITATED, AS IF BEMODERED AS TO WHAT TO DO. THEN IT CRASSED FORWARD AGAIN... REACHING FOR ANDRE... REACHING... REACHING...



MADAME BARRITE HEARD THE EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM THAT ECHOED THROUGH HER ROOMING HOUSE AND RUSHED TO ANDRE'S ROOM WITH A CANDLE. BUT AS SHE REACHED THE DOOR, IT OPENED, THE BODY OF CLAUDE GOURBEAU STUMBLED OUT, AND ON ITS SHOULDERS, CRIMSON DRIPPING FROM ITS TORN AND RUPTURED BLOOD VESSELS, SAT THE SERRATED TORN-OFF HEAD OF ANDRE VACHE.



HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S ONE WAY TO GET AN END IN THE WORLD, EH, RIDICIOUS! AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO CLOSE ON'S MUCK-WAS FOR THIS ISSUE! HOPE YOU WEREN'T BORED STUFF! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT OF HORROR... WHEN WE'LL BE HANDING BACK YOUR WAY WITH MORE TOP HORROR YARN! TILL THEN, THINK ABOUT JOINING THE E. G. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! DON'T BE A SUCKER AND DO IT! JUST THINK ABOUT IT!



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# Hey SKINNY!

...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!



DON'T LET THEM GET YOUR JOE!

WHAT'S WHAT YOU SAY, PELLE!

SAUT UD YOUR BIRD OF BONES!



DASH IT! IN TARD OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GRABBE A STRAP AND TRY HIS *ROOF DOOR*

WANT AN *IGNITE* THAT I CAN USE TO BUILD NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY!



HERE'S A LOVE-TAP... HEAR THAT 'BIRD OF BONES' REMEMBER?



OH JOE! YOU ARE A REAL, HE MAN, AFTER ALL

WHAT A MAN!

AND HE LIKED TO BE SO SKINNY!

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